Saint Peters Path to the Foyes of Heauen:

WHEREIN IS DESCRIBED THE FRAILTIE OF FLESH, THE power of the Spirit, the labyrinth of this life, Sathans subtiltie, and the Soules saluation.

As also the Election, Liues and Martyrdomes, of the twelue Apostles.

By W.B.

Pœnitentiæ nemo nimis Cupidus.

At London
Imprinted by *Felix Kingston.*
1598.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFVLL SIR RICHARD MVLLENEX KNIGHT: ALL health of bodie, increase of ioy, *with the full fruition of perfect felicitie.*

RIGHT Worshipfull, It is reported that *Althema* hoping to gratifie *Alexander* that famous Conquerour, with some excellent piece of workemanship, searched so farre in the depth of his Arte, as striuing with cunning to be curious, his pencill past beyond his skill, not being able to make his worke perfect: who being blamed by his friend (*Pethieus*) for imboldning himselfe so vnaduisedly, answered, that although Arte wanted to beautifie the worke, yet heart and good will did make perfect that which lacke of cunning had left vnperfect: whose answere (Right Worshipful) as one guiltie of a greater crime, I claime for the sufficient excuse of my follie, in beginning this worke rudely, continuing rashly, and ending rawly.

None can expresse a Passion that he feeleth not, neither doth the penne deliuer, but what it copieth out of the minde. This passionate Discourse, though it reach not to the dignitie of *Peters* repenting, yet shall I thinke my endeuours well apaid, if it may winne some skilfuller penne to supplie in this matter my want of ability, and exercise their happier talents in the like pieces. I confesse my fault in committing these vnpolisht lines to the Presse, yet I craue pardon with fauourable censure, and thus

farre dare I anſwere for my ſelfe, that although *Demoſthenes* had a plaudit for his Oration, becauſe it was curious, yet *Nimius* got the Sentence for the trueth of his plaine Tale.

This worke of S. *Peters* path to the ioyes of heauen, I humbly commit to your Worſhippes protection, which if it may pleaſe you to let this tearie Mappe paſſe vnder the countenance and credite of your Name, and that you will deigne to reade it ouer, and therewith ſeeme to be but pleaſed, I account my ſelfe highly fauoured.

Apelles preſented *Alexander* with the counterfeit of *Campaſpe*, the face not fully finiſhed, becauſe hee liked the Picture; and I offer theſe few ſtanzes vnto you, not well furniſhed, becauſe I know you are a fauourer of vertue.

Achilles made it not daintie to take the view of *Phidias* homely worke, becauſe it was the Image of the God of Warre: and I hope your Worſhip will vouchſafe the viewing of this ſilly booke, for that it deſcribes the ſubmiſſiue mind of a penitent Sinner, although it ſpring frō a barren ſoyle, being a diſh of ſuch fruite as my poore orcharde can yeeld, not vnlike to *Zeuxes* pictures, which ſeemed to the birds to be grapes, but being thorowly proued, were bare ſhadowed colours, yet it may be, that you paſſing ouer many learned works, wil at laſt view this, and ſmile as *Theodoſius* did at the Pomegranate, not that he ſcorned the fruit, but to ſee the ſimple meaning of the man that preſented him with ſo ſlender a gift, yet I hope by your protection this my labor ſhall find acceptance, according to the minde of the giuer: and to haue as many fauorers as readers, & no moe readers that miſlike the matter, then like to write ſome other as well meant, for that it proceedes from a minde as willing to ſhew it ſelfe thankefull, as whoſoeuer els, that commends himſelfe by a greater preſent. Thus I humbly take my leaue, wiſhing you all heartes content in this life, and euerlaſting happineſſe in the World to come.

Your Worſhips in all dutifull ſeruice to commaund

WILLIAM BROXVP.

To the courteous and friendly Reader.

GEntle Readers, although I present you with this tearie Mappe of S. Peters *submissiue Minde, yet I craue pardon of you, as* (Clinius *did of* Virginius) *that if you finde any thing amisse, you will passe it ouer with fauourable censure: desiring you to reade with fauour, correct with iudgement, and winke at a fault.*

After I had writ these few lines, I stoode in doubt whether I should commit them to the Presse, let them lye obscurely in corners, or else to remaine priuately in my owne hands, but being in doubt least any false copie should be scattered abroad, & by that meanes it should come corrupt to the Print, disguised in the fancies of an other mans humor: it imboldened my weake abilitie the more to giue it passage to the Presse: yet it may be, that courteous skill will make this reckoning, that though it bee course in respect of exquisite labours, yet it may entertaine indifferent mindes, for that the ground thereof is pietie, and this commoditie it will carie with it, that the Reader may learne the true path to perfect Ioy, and how to humble himselfe in the schoole of repentance.

Thus wading ouer rashly like Gherillus *I flattered my selfe, yet farre from the minde of* Terence, *when he first beganne to studie Poetrie, he thought all the world would be in loue with his writing, but if this may winne any one to a repentant minde, hee shall receiue the fruites of his good worke, and I shall inioy the content of my full desire.*

To the Reader.

Phidias *founde the more fauour in setting out his simple pictures, in that he did what he could, and I hope to find your fauourable iudgement for this imperfect worke in that I doe what I can. Though* Cicero *were eloquent,* Ennius *was bluntish, high stile is not herein vsed, but a plaine* Decorum *touching the matter, a worke roughly hewed out of a hard rocke, not polished by the curious hands of* Artifex, *yet brought to the view of the learned, whose cleare sighted iudgement may condemne me of boldnesse, yet this I know, that the well literate will winke at a fault, when the captious misliker will finde fault with euery letter, for the one, I will honour his discreet fauour, for the other, I neuer meant to please his humor.*

Thus I commit my selfe and my booke to your courtesies, wishing the friendly Readers the fruition of all felicitie, committing them to the protection of the celestiall powers, and this my good will towards them, to their fauourable considerations.

Yours to commaund in all
kindnesse. *W. B.*

In alios lenis esto.

THE

THE ORDER OF THE

Euangeliſtes in laying downe the names of the twelue Apoſtles.

	1	*Peter.*
Actes 1.	2	*Iames Zebedeus*
	3	*Iohn.*
	4	*Andrew.*
Luke 6.	5	*Philip.*
	6	*Thomas.*
	7	*Bartholomew.*
Marke 3.	8	*Matth.*
	9	*Iames Alph.*
	10	*Simon Zelotes.*
Matth. 10.	11	*Iude Iames. bro.*
	12	*Matthias.*

THE ELECTION, LIVES and Martyrdomes of

the twelue Apoſtles.

HEre gentle Reader wee may beholde the Saintes of God, which by great care and entire loue, did plant the principles of the Goſpell, not ſparing their liues to quench the heat of fire.

By viewing their Martyrdome, we may comfort our ſelues with this ſaying: *Sanguis Martyrum, ſemen Eccleſiæ.* The blood of the Martyrs, is the ſeede of the Church. Chriſt himſelfe foretold, that whoſoeuer would be his Diſciple, muſt take vp his croſſe and folow him: theſe Apoſtles & theſe Diſciples haue done no leſſe.

I.

Matth.4.18. Iohn 1.42. Luke 6.14. Marke 1.16. Luke 5.10. Marke 3.16. Matth.16.17. Iohn 21.15. Hieron.lib. de viris illustr.

PEter, otherwise called *Simon*, the sonne of *Iona*, of the Prouince of Galile, & of the towne of Bethsaida, the brother of *Andrew*, from a fisherman Christ called him to be an Apostle, commaunding him earnestly three times to feede his sheepe: three times *Peter* denied Christ: three times Christ asked *Peter*, if hee loued him: and three times *Peter* answered, thou knowest Lorde, I loue thee.

For denying of Christ, his submission was so great, that by continual kneeling in prayer to God, his knees & elbowes were growne thicke, numme, and hard like the hoofe of an Oxe, his armes with leaning on them were growne crooked, his eyes were bleard with dayly weeping, and the streames of teares which flowed from his eyes, made gutters in his cheekes.

Anton. Chro. part. 1. tit. 6. cap. 4. parag. 1. Actes 12.4. verse 8. Eusebius eccle. hist. lib. 3. ca. 9. Matth. 8.14. Luke 4.38. Mark. 1.31. *1. Pet. 1. Matth. 14.29. Matth. 17.2. Marke 9.5. Luke 9.35. *This was vpon Mount Thabor. *Iohn 21.18.

Peter the Apostle was ỹ first Bishop of Antioch, he continued there seuen yeeres, & seuen yeeres about Ierusalē & the Easterne regions: he was imprisoned by *Herod Agrippa*, and deliuered by an Angell: Christ came to his house & healed his wiues mother of a feuer: he preached the Gospel of Christ in *Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Bythinia, and Asia. *Peter* was of that courage & boldnesse, that he walked vpon the water to go to Iesus.

Peter seeing Christ transfigured, talking with *Moses* and *Elias*, he was so rauished with that ioyfull sight, that he said vnto him, **Lord, here is good being for vs, if thou wilt, Let vs make here 3. tabernacles, one for thee, one for* Moses, *and one for* Elias.

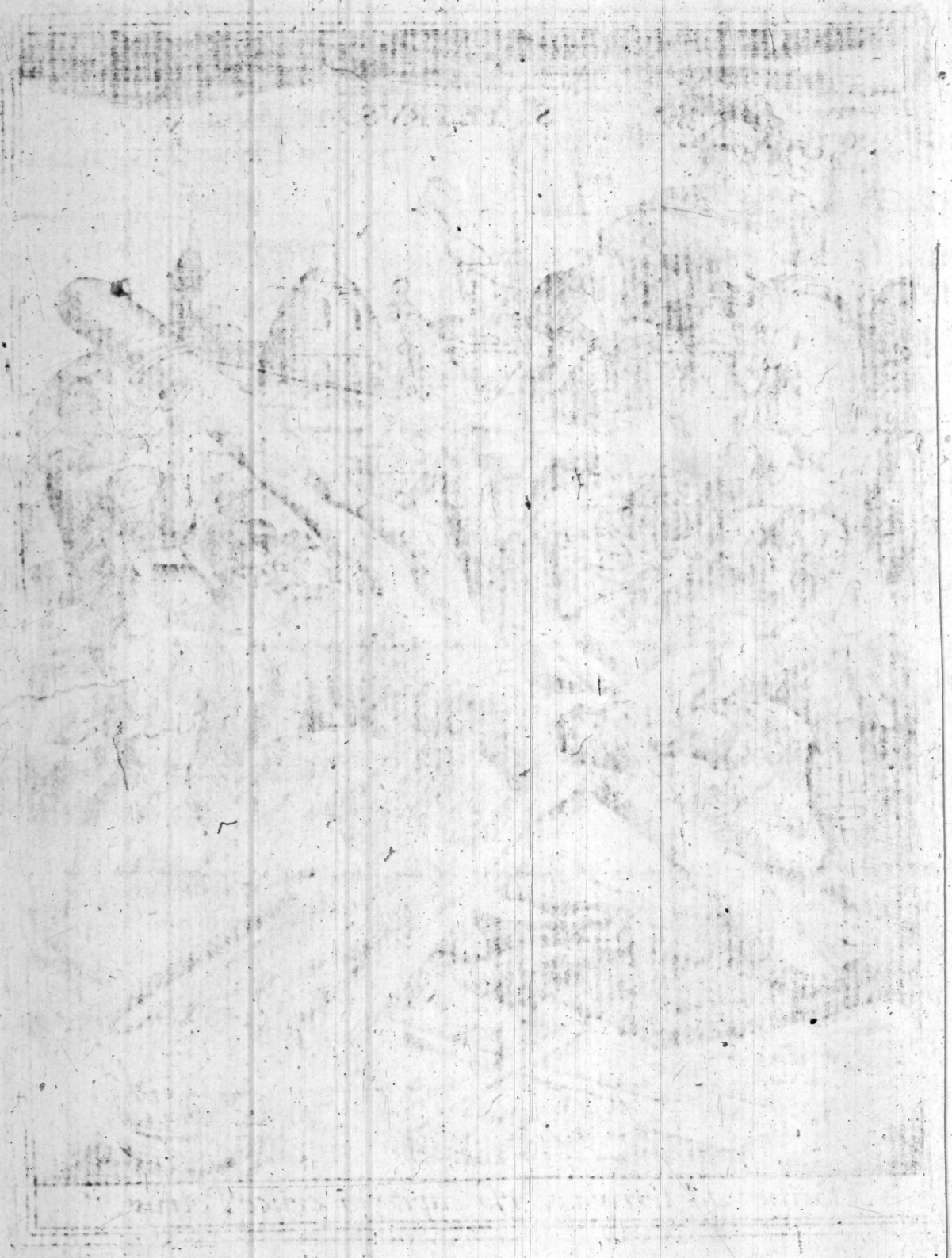
Christ did foretel *Peter* of his death, saying, * *When thou wast young, thou girdedst thy selfe and walkedst whither thou wouldest: but when thou shalt be olde, thou shalt stretch forth thy handes, and another shall gird thee, and leade thee whither thou wouldest not.*

Euseb. Eccle. hist. lib. 3. ca. 1. An. Christi 70.

Peter was crucified at Rome, the third Calends of Iuly, in the last yeere of *Nero*, with his head downewards, which kind of death he himselfe desired.

Iames,

Moritur ad terram verso capite in cruce Petrus.



2.

IAmes the ſonne of *Zebedeus* brother to *Iohn*, was a poore fiſherman, and being in the ſhippe mending of his net, Ieſus came by and called him to be an Apoſtle. Matth.4.21. Mark.3.17.

He preached the Goſpel of Chriſt vnto the twelue diſperſed Tribes, he was the next Martyr after *Stephen*: he was ſlaine by the ſword in India by *Herod Agrippa*: his corps was afterward tranſported into Compoſtella in Spaine. Clem.lib.7. hypot. Actes 12.2. Pet de natal. lib.6.cap.133.

3.

IOhn the Euangeliſt was the ſonne of *Zebed* and brother to *Iames*: he was called from the fiſher-boate to bee an Apoſtle of Chriſt: he was of all other beloued of Ieſus: he leaned on the breaſt of our Sauiour: he was baniſhed by the Emperor *Domitian* into the Iſle of Patmos, where hee wrote the Reuelation, Mat.4.21. Policrates B. of Epheſus. Euſeb.lib.3. cap.16. An. Dom.97.

Ierome and *Abdias* ſaith, that at Rome he was throwne into a tunne of hotte burning oyle, yet he came forth and tooke no harme. Ierenæus lib.5 Abdias.

Hee conuerted a Thiefe, that was Captaine of a bande of theeues, all wholy bent to ſlaughter, murder, and extreame crueltie, ſaying, Yet there remaineth ſome hope of ſaluation: I will vndertake for thee with Chriſt: I will die for thee if neede be, as Chriſt dyed for vs, I will hazard my ſoule for thine: Truſt me, Chriſt ſent me. The wordes of Iohn the Euangeliſt to the thiefe.

The Thiefe hearing this, ſtoode ſtill, ſhooke off his armour, trembled for feare, repented and wept bitterly. Tokens of true repentance.

After the death of *Domitian*, *Iohn* the Euangeliſt returned from the Iſle of Patmos, when *Nerua* had raigned a little aboue a yeere: *Iohn* gouerned the Churches in Aſia: and remained at Epheſus. Irenæus lib.2. cap.39. Clem. An.dom.99.

Auguſtine calleth him a martyr by will: *Policrates* Biſhop of Epheſus, as *Euſebius* alleadgeth, ſticketh not to call him a Prieſt, a martyr, and a doctor, but that which *Auguſtine* and *Dorotheus* writeth of his end, is ſtrangeſt of all, and let the credite thereof reſt in the choiſe of the Reader: how *Iohn* at Epheſus Ierome ſaith he dyed the 68 yeere after the paſſion of Chriſt. anno. Dom.101.

phesus in the presence of diuers people, went aliue into his graue & there dyed, being an hundreth and twentie yeeres old.

4.

Mat.4.18. Luk.6.14. Euseb. lib.3. cap.1. Dorotheus Eccle.hist.an. Christi.

ANdrew being a poore fisherman, was called with his brother *Peter* to bee an Apostle: hee preached the Gospell of Christ vnto the Scythians, Sogdians, and Sucians, and in the middle of Sebastopilis, inhabited of the wilde Ethiopians: being crucified by *Ægeas* king of Edessa the last of Nouember, and buried at Pataris a citie in Achaia.

5.

Luk.6.14. Marke 3.18. John 6.9.

PHilip was chosen to be an Apostle of Christ, hee was borne in the citie of Bethsaida, a citie in Galile: when Christ demaunded of *Philip* where they might buy bread to satisfie the people that followed him, *Philip* answered him, *Two hundreth pennie worth of bread is not sufficient for them, that euery one may take a little*: This was said to proue him: Christ at that instant fedde fiue thousand men with fiue barly loaues and two fishes, and when the people were satisfied, the disciples filled twelue baskets with that which remained: *Philip* preached the Gospell of Christ in Phrygia, he went to a citie in Samaria, and there conuerted *Simon Magus* the sorcerer, who had a long time seduced the same citie with his sorcerie & witchcraft. The Painims crucified *Philip* at Hierapotalis.

Mat.14.19.

Actes.8.9. Anton. chron. tit.6.cap 11. pet.de natal. de sanctis. lib. 4.cap.107.

6.

Iohn 20.verse 24.25.26.27. 28.

THomas otherwise called *Didymus*, was one of the twelue Apostles of Christ: hee doubting of the resurrection of Christ, saide vnto his fellowes which tolde him that they had seene the Lord, *Thomas* said, *Except I see in his hands the print of the nayles, and put my handes into his side, I will not beleeue.* After eight dayes, *Thomas* being with the disciples, Iesus came againe, and stood in the middest of them, saying, *Peace be vn-*

to

to you, & said to *Thomas*: *Put thy finger here & see my hands, and thrust forth thy hand, put it into my side, and be not faithlesse, but faithfull.* Then *Thomas* did conceiue a full faith that it was the Lorde, and saide, *Thou art my Lord my God*: which confession Iesus did well accept.

Agbarus wrot an Epistle vnto Christ, acknoledging him to be the sonne of God.

Thomas sent *Thaddæus* vnto *Agbarus* king of Edessa, to preach the Gospell of Christ, and to cure *Agbarus* of his maladie: *Thomas* the Apostle preached the Gospell of Christ, vnto the Persians, Medes, Caramaines, Hircaines, Bastraines, and Magitians: he was slaine at the heathen Kings commaundement, with a dart in India, and was buried at Calimina.

Christ writ to Agbarus againe. Euseb. lib. 1. cap. 16. Anton. chron. Abdias Apost. hist. lib. 9.

7.

Bartholomew was chosen to bee an Apostle of Christ, hee preached to the Indians, and deliuered vnto them the Gospell of *Matthew* in their owne language: he suffered martyrdome at the commaundement of *Polemius* king of India, the first day of his martyrdome he was beaten with cudgels, the second day crucified and flayne aliue, his skin puld ouer his eares, as he was fastened to the crosse: Last of all, while breath remained in him, he was beheaded.

Iuk. 6. 14. Mark. 3. 18. Mat. 10. 3. Dorotheus. Abdias B. of Babilon. per. de natal. lib. 7. cap. 103. Anton. chron. tit. 6. cap. 12.

8.

Matthew the Euangelist was chosen to be an Apostle of Christ, he wrote the Gospell of our Lord Iesus in the Hebrew tongue, and deliuered it to *Iames* the sonne of *Alpheus*: he preached the Gospell in Æthiopia: he was by the commandement of *Hyrtacus* runne through with a sworde.

Mark. 3. 18. Abdias. hist. apost. lib. 7.

9.

Iames the sonne of *Alpheus* & *Marie*, sister to *Marie* the Lords mother, called the brother of Christ, was the first Bishop of Ierusalem, he liued vertuously, he vsed no woollen vesture, but wore a Syndon, his knees were after the guise of a camels

Euseb. Eccle. hist. lib. 2. cap. 22. Clemen. lib. 6. Ægesippus li. 5.

Ioseph. Antiq. lib. 20 cap. 16. Abd hist. apo. Dorotheus. Anton. chron. part. 1. tit. 6. cap. 8. anno Dō. 61.

mels knee, benumd and bereft of the sence of feeling by reason of his continuall kneeling in supplication to God: he continued Bishop thirtie yeeres, and was martyred by the Iewes, but especially by *Ananias* the high Priest, who set him vpon a pinackle of the Temple to preach to the people, & threw him downe headlong: he hauing breath after his fall, one came with a Fullers club, knockt him on the head, and brained him.

10.

Luk. 6. 15. Aegesippus writeth that Cleopas was brother to Ioseph.

Simon was the second B. of Ierusalem. He was crucified anno. dō. 110.

Euseb. lib. 3. cap. 11. 29.

SImon the Cananite sonne to *Cleopas*, surnamed *Zelotes* the Lordes cousin germaine, hee was chosen to bee one of the twelue Apostles of Christ, he preached the Gospel throughout Mauritania, Aphricke, Ægypt, and Persia: he returned thence and succeeded *Iames* in the Bishopricke of Ierusalem: the hereticks accused him that he lineally descended of the stocke of *Dauid*, and that he was a Christian, which profession they hated: he was scourged for the space of many dayes together, so that *Aticus* the Iudge and his company was marueilously amased, and marueiled, how that he being an hundred and twentie yeeres old, was able to abide that bitter torment, in the end, he dyed a death agreeable with the passion of Christ.

11.

Luk. 6. 16. Mark. 3. 18.

Dorotheus Eccle. hist.

IUde the brother of *Iames* called also *Thaddeus*, was called to be an Apostle: he preached vnto the Edessians, & through all Mesopotamia: he was slaine at Berito in the time of *Agbarus* king of Edessa.

12.

Acts. 1. 26.

Pet. de natal. lib. 3. cap. 149.

Anton. chron. tit. 6. cap. 15.

MAtthias one of the seuentie Disciples, was chosen to be an Apostle in the roome of *Iudas* the traytor: hee preached the Gospell first in Macedonia, then in Aethiopia, about the hauen called Hissus, and the riuer Phasis, afterward he went into India, where the Iewes stoned him, and last of all he was beheaded with an axe after the Romaine manner.

Thus endeth the commemoration of the liues and deaths of the twelue Apostles.

HERE

HERE FOLLOWETH the Election, Liues and Martyrdoms of S. Paul, Marke the Euangeliſt, and Stephen one of the ſeuen Deacons.

PAVL, which before was called *Saule*, was an Apoſtle of Chriſt, yet out of the number of the twelue, was borne in Iurie, in a towne called Gaſcalis, which towne beeing taken by the Romanes, he with his parents fled to Tharſus a towne in Cilicia, afterwards hee was ſent vp to Ieruſalem, and there brought vp in the knowledge of the Law: at that time when *Stephen* ſuffered martyrdome: *Paul* was a perſecutour, in raging againſt the Church of God, entring into the houſes of the faithfull, and gaue forth precepts that both men and women ſhould be impriſoned: he was conuerted to beleeue in Chriſt, by a voice that ſpake to him from heauen, as he went towards Damaſcus, and from a perſecutour he was made a profeſſor, an Apoſtle, a martyr, a witnes of the Goſpel, and a choſen veſſell, not of men, neither by men, but by reuelation from Ieſus Chriſt: among other his manifold labours and trauelles in ſpreading the doctrine of Chriſt, hee wanne *Sergius Paulus* the Proconſul of Ciprus to the faith of Chriſt, whereupon his name was turned from *Saul* to *Paul*: he began to preach the Goſpell of Chriſt at Ieruſalem, and went on ſtill to Ilyricum, Italie and Spaine, his Epiſtles are extant at this day, full of heauenly wiſedome, hee was accuſed before the Emperour *Nero*, for teaching a new doctrine and ſtirring vp ſedition againſt the Empire, whereupon *Nero* commanded him to declare the order of his doctrine: which was to teach all

Act. 7. 58. Act. 8. 3. Euſeb. lib. 2. cap. 1. Ex Hieron. lib. de viris illuſt.

Euſeb. lib. 2. cap. 1. Act. 9. 4. Anno Chr. 35.

Euſeb. lib. 3. cap. 27.

Abdias de viris lib. 2.

men:

men peace and charitie, how to loue one another; that rich men should not bee puft vp in pride, nor to put their truſt in their treaſure, but in the liuing God; meane men to be content with food and raiment, and with their preſent ſtate; poore men to reioyce in their pouertie with hope; fathers to bring vp their children in the feare of God; children to obay their parents; husbands to loue their wiues; wiues to loue their husbands; citizens and ſubiectes to be true to their Prince. This was the ſumme of *Paules* teaching, which hee receiued from Ieſus Chriſt, which ſpake to him from heauen. When *Nero* had heard this, he gaue ſentence of death, that *Paul* ſhould bee beheaded, vnto whoſe execution *Nero* ſent two of his Eſquires, *Feraga* & *Parthemius*, to bring him word of *Paules* death: he was beheaded at Rome, the laſt yeere of *Nero*, the third calends of Iuly, and was buried in the way to Oſtia, in the thirtie ſixt yeere after his conuerſion, thirtie ſeuen yeeres after the Paſſion of Chriſt.

The ſumme of Paules doctrine.

Paul condemned. Euſeb. lib 2. cap. 25. lib. 3. cap. 1. anno Chriſti. 70.

MArke the Euangeliſt was the firſt Biſhop of Alexandria, he was the firſt that preached Chriſt vnto the Egyptians: in the time of *Traian* hee had a cable rope tyed about his necke, and drawne through the ſtreetes of Alexandria, that his fleſh was rent in pieces, and the ſtones coloured with blood, he was drawne from Blocus to a place called Angels, where hee was burned to aſhes by the furious Idolaters, in the moneth of April, and buried at Blocus.

Dorotheus Eccle hiſt.

Euſeb. lib 2. cap. 16. cap. 25.

Dorotheus.

STephen was choſen to bee one of the ſeuen Deacons, by prayer and laying on of the Apoſtles hands, for the publike adminiſtration of the Church affaires, hee was ſtoned to death at Ieruſalem by them that ſlew the Lorde, he was the firſt of the triumphing Martyrs of Chriſt, and as they ſtoned him, he ſaid: *Lord Ieſu receiue my ſpirit:* and kneeling downe, he cryed with a lowde voyce: *Lord lay not this ſinne vnto their charge:* and ſo fell aſleepe in the Lord.

Actes 6. 5. Euſeb. lib. 2. cap. 1.

Actes 7. 59. Actes 8. 2. Luke 13. 34.

Stephen ſignifieth a crowne

This is to beare the croſſe of our Sauiour, this is to drinke of one cuppe with Chriſt: Chriſt ſaith, *He that taketh not vp his croſſe*

Matth. 10. 38. & 39.

croſſe and followeth after me, is not worthie of me, hee that will Matth. 16. 24,
ſaue his life, ſhall looſe it, and he that looſeth his life for my ſake, 25.
ſhall ſaue it. Great are the troubles of the righteous, but the Pſalm. 34. 19.
Lord deliuereth him out of them all. Through many tribulati-
ons wee haue to enter into the kingdome of heauen: but hee that Matth. 10. 22.
endureth to the ende, he ſhall be ſaued.

Infinite are the number of the Saints of God that haue ſuffered for the teſtimonie of Chriſt, as *Hierome* in his Epiſtle to *Chromatius* and *Heliodorus*, ſaith: *Nullus eſſet dies qui non vltra quinq; millium numerum martyrum reperiri poſſet aſcriptus excepto die kalendarum Ianuarij.* There is no day in the whole yeere vnto which the number of fiue thouſand Martyrs cannot be aſcribed, except onely the firſt day of Ianuarie.

The number of Martyrs in the primitiue Church.

THus gentle Reader, not meaning to be offenſiue with long circumſtances, I haue briefely deſcribed the liues and martyrdomes of the twelue Apoſtles, amongſt which I haue writ of S. Peter *more at large then any of the reſt: and if you deigne fauourably to reade this ſmall enſuing Poeme to the ende: you ſhall encourage mee hereafter to preſent you with ſome other worke that may be more pleaſing to your kinde view.*

Thus I commit thee courteous Reader to the reading of that which followeth.

C THE

The Argument.

DID Peter *wash his silly soule with teares,*
Vnfainedly with true repentance weeping,
And yet t'was long, ere ioy bereau'd his cares,
Twixt ioyfull hope, and sad despaire infleeting:
How can we then, the loathed lumpe of sinne,
VVithout repentance, Ioyes celestiall winne?

For euery teare that trickled downe his cheekes,
From the moyst springs of his dimme bleared eies,
Ten thousand sinnes our sinfull closet keepes,
VVhile hardened hearts, not one Peccaui *cries:*
His teares were infinite, and past recount,
Our teares are nothing, yet our sinnes surmount.

Did Peter *sinne, and did he then repent,*
Did Peter *sinne, and did he after weepe?*
Did Peter *sinne, and for his sinne lament?*
Did Peter *sinne, and was his sorrow deepe?*
Oh, did he shedde whole flouds of teares for sinne?
Before he could his Masters fauour winne.

How dare we then presuming hope for grace?
How may we hope, more sinfull farre then he?
How can we hope for heauen Christes resting place?
VVhere none but Saints and holy Angels be?
Except with blessed Peter *we repent,*
And for our sinnes with earnest teares lament.

Vbi abundauit peccatum,
Superabundauit & gratia.

FINIS.

SAINT PETERS PATH
to the Ioyes of Heauen.

Luke 22. 62.
Peter went out and wept bitterly.

RISE Sinfull man, looke on the heauenly light,
Bee not by Sathan, to Hels Bondage brought:
Let not deſpairing thoughts thy ſoule affright:
To ſtroy the Treaſure, Chriſt ſo deerely bought:
Say not with *Cain*, the Lorde cannot forgiue:
His oyle of grace will thy ſicke ſoule relieue.

His life-preſeruing-mercy paſſeth all
The glorious workes, that euer he did make:
For whoſoeuer faithfully doth call
On his great Name, he neuer doth forſake,
Though skarlet ſinnes thy ſoule doe ouergrow,
Yet his ſweet blood wil waſh them white as ſnow.

Caſt not thy lookes againſt the ſullen ground,
But looke on Chriſt, faſt nayled to the Croſſe,
His death of life, did death and hell confound,
And therewithal, redeem'd thy greateſt loſſe: (ginner,
Adam wreckt our ſoules, Chriſt was ſoules life be-
His blood ſau'd thee; & me the vildeſt ſinner.

If thy lewd heart all wicked ſinnes had wrought,
Or that the worlds whole ſinnes in thee did lie:
Yet our great GOD, that made all things of nought,
Can baniſh them, with one winke of his eie:
He can, and will, if thou in him doe truſt,
And make thy ſoule copartner with the Iuſt.

But if thou aske my Name, that is ſo bold,
Firmely to vrge, Heauens mercie thus to thee,
And Chriſts compaſſion to thy heart vnfold:
Let thy ſicke ſoule giue healthfull eare to mee,
Of Chriſt's Apoſtles, I was counted one,
But ſinful'ſt wretch, that euer men look't on.

To this worldes ſight, was neuer man more hatefull,
Or that committed greater ſinne, then I,
Nor for Gods bleſsings, could be more vngratefull,
Who did my heauenly Maſter, flat denie,
Falſely ſwearing, I did neuer know him,
When diuers folks, to my dull ſight did ſhow him.

Then which fowle fact, what could be greater ſinne?
More wickedneſſe, did neuer man commit:
Yet true repentance did new life beginne:
Chriſt did forgiue, and all my ſinnes forget:
Repent therefore, and faithfully beleeue:
Then God in mercy, will thy ſinnes forgiue.

Bromp. W.

I will declare my fowle offences ſtorie,
To giue true comfort to deſpairing ſoules:
But moſt of all, to manifeſt Gods glorie,
Whoſe glorious greatneſſe, Angels ſtill extols:
Then beare in minde, his all ſufficient might,
And in thy heart, engraue what I recite.

In launcing out the ſcumme of my fowle crimes,
Whoſe vlcer ſmell impoyſoneth cleereſt ſence,
Compare therewith thy faults, of former times
Then note the ſcope, twixt thine, and mine offence:
Flie faſt to Chriſt, and imitate my teares,
If ſight thereof, affright thy ſoule with feares.

Teares ſhed in time, doth winne a bliſſefull hower,
For they perfume the ſoule with luſtre ioy,
The more in plentie, greater is their power
Combind in bliſſe, from Sathans fowle annoy:
Then let thy teares, for ſinne in ſtreames ariſe,
Till death damme vp the welſprings of thy eyes.

Such pearled deaw, allureth God to grace,
Stil'd in the lymbecke of ſubmiſsiue mindes,
With heat of contrite heart, which brings in place,
The liquid iuice, that fowleſt parts refines:
My ſuite lay dead, and was defer'd by ſinne,
Til teares, (true Oratours) did my verdict winne.

Confeſsion firſt, makes way to mercies ſeat:
Next true Repentance, mooues the Iudge to pittie:
Condemne thy ſelfe for thy offences great,
So on thy faultes, accuſers cannot iettie:
Chriſt is thy Iudge, thy Sauiour meeke and kinde,
Then haue no doubt, for mercie thou ſhalt finde.

Impious wretch, vile obiect of diſgrace,
The mappe of ſhame, the excrement of earth,
A wretched impe, the ſpring of *Ionas* race,
In faire Bethſaida Citie firſt tooke breath,
There tooke I life, that true lifes Lord denide,
The mynt of lies, that trueth it ſelfe defide.

At mans eſtate a Fiſher I became,
That with hard toile maintaind my ſimple charge,
With my poore brother, *Andrew* cald by name,
Plunged among the mounting waues at large,
Where we with labour, moyld, and wearied ſore,
For ſuccour ſayld to Galilean ſhore.

What time behold, on pleaſant bancke did ſtand,
Our ſweet Meſsias, Sauiour of mankind,
Whoſe heauenly voyce did call vs both to land,
Vnworthy men, did ſuch great fauour find:
Come follow me, (the Prince of peace did ſay,)
Fiſhers of men, I'le make you both this day.

Thus

Brown. W.

Thus from a baſe, and ſeruile kind of life,
Vnto a ſacred Function were we cald,
Exempt from former ſorrow, care and ſtriſe,
Whereto, before, our heauie heartes were thrald,
And in this holy ſeruice did we ſee
The power of God, and his great Maieſtie.

Attending on our Maſter moſt diuine,
Vnto a bleſſed Marriage, was he bidden,
There turnd he water into holeſome wine,
Shewing his Godhead, which before lay hidden:
A foule infected Leaper did he heale,
Who to the Prieſtes the ſame did ſoone reueale.

The Captaines ſeruant, that lay ſicke in bed,
And with the ſhaking palſie ſore was grieu'd,
So ſoone as Chriſt, the bleſſed word had ſaid,
His trembling ioints with helth were ſtraight relieu'd:
From men poſſeſt he threw fierce diuels away,
And with his word rebukt the raging ſea.

He did reſtore the' blind vnto their ſight:
Lame crippled perſons, he did make to goe:
The dumbe to ſpeake, and by his powerfull might
The dead he rais'd, that long lay ſtinking ſo:
And with fiue loaues of bread, he did ſuffice
Fiue thouſand men, before my ſinfull eyes.

Could I ſo kind and louing Lord forget?
That in my wants, my neede ſupplied euer,
Carefull he was, in paying my due debt,
My wiues ſicke mother, heal'd he of a feuer,
When I lackt coyne, great *Cæſars* right to pay,
A fiſh he forc't, to bring me ſome ſtraightway.

To grace me with a bleſt Apoſtles right,
Three times he charg'd me for to feed his ſheepe,
But I falſe wretch did diſobey him quight,
His flocke from harme, I had no care to keepe:
Oh, how could I, to them a Paſtor be?
When I my ſelfe, did ſtray ſo grieuouſlie.

Yet was his gracious fauour ſuch to me,
He tooke me vp, into the mountaine hie,
His Transfiguration for to ſee,
Which then appear'd, in mightie Maieſtie,
Where *Moſes*, and *Elias* both did walke,
And with our bleſſed Sauiour fell in talke.

Bright as the Sunne, in chiefeſt of his pride,
So did the glory of his face appeare,
His ſeameleſſe garments ſhin'de on euery ſide,
Like to the light, when it is found moſt cleare:
All this and more did I behold and ſee,
Yet feareleſſe fell to foule iniquitie.

Who would againſt this bleſſed God offend?
Who durſt a Iudge, ſo mightie, quite denie?
Who would not feare, and learne his life to mend?
Sith ſuch a Lord, his ſecrets can diſcrie: (hower,
Who would not mon'th, day, minute, time, and
Yea alwayes dread his Iuſtice, might and power.

Yet I tranſgreſt againſt this Prince of might,
Whoſe Maieſtie ſits in a glorious Throne,
His eyes like fire, ſhining pure and bright,
His face more cleere, then any precious ſtone:
Angels and Saints attend in his preſence,
Thrones, Prophets, Powers, Martyrs, Innocents.

Sweete Lorde, with fauour meaſure my offence,
Let true repentance counteruaile thine ire,
Let teares appeaſe, where treſpaſſe doth incenſe,
Let pitie moue: let humble hope deſire:
Lord ſcourge me not, according to deſart,
Let ſinners ſee how mercifull thou art.

The holy feaſt of Eaſter drawing nie,
Vnto Ieruſalem would my Sauiour goe,
Shewing to vs, what death he was to die,
As holy Prophets often did foreſhow,
That he thereby, might ſaue from death and hell,
The ſoule of man, which by tranſgreſsion fell.

Thus *Adams* treſpaſſe brought a ſcourging rod,
His poore ſucceſſors to torment for ſinne,
Which pluckt from pleaſure, th'Image of our God,
See what deſtruction *Adam* did beginne?
His fall brought ſinne, and ſinne did death require,
Sinne drown'd the world, and *Sodom* ſet on fire.

Ah wretched *Eue*, that firſt procur'd this ſtrife,
By taſting of the Tree, both good and ill,
Which brought to vs a woſull labouring life,
With ſweating face, the barren earth to till:
For which offence, the holy Godhead ſaid,
Returne to earth, whereof thou firſt waſt made.

For this foule fact, mans ſoule was damn'd to hell,
And nothing could appeaſe Gods wrathfull ire,
But his Sonnes blood, whom he belou'd ſo well,
Who for our ſakes did ſhamefull death deſire:
We did tranſgreſſe, and he did ſuffer ſmart,
But then this knowledge was not in my heart.

Wherefore when I did vnderſtand and heare,
That Chriſt to faire Ieruſalem would goe,
The Scribes and Elders I did greatly feare,
Which ſutly ſought, his life to ouerthrow:
Then did I take my Lord aſide, and ſay,
Looke to thy ſelfe, Lord ſhun this bainfull way.

But my raſh zeale, full ſore my God offended,
Who cald me *Sathan*, laying to my charge,
I fauour'd not his holy will intended,
But like a flatrer, ſlipt my wordes at large:
Falſe fainting zeale, ſhadow'd with good pretence,
No vayle can hide the ſhame of my offence.

Now marke the ſorrow that I ſhall vnfold,
When he to faire Ieruſalem was come,
The traytor *Iudas*, his good Maſter ſold,
For thirtie pence, God wot, a ſlender ſumme:
Which damned deed, although he ſought to hide
Chriſt knew ful well, by whom all hearts are tride.

Then when he had his bleſſed Supper ended,
Vp to mount *Oliuet* did he ſadly goe,
And we vpon our heauenly Maſter tended,
In whoſe ſad ſoule deaths ſorrow then did grow:
Who ſaid to vs, when he the hill aſcended,
All you this night, through me ſhall be offended.

For it is written, and it ſhall be ſo:
I'le ſmite the Shepheard on the fertile plaine,
Then all his flocke ſhall ſcatter to and fro:
But when from vanquiſht death I riſe againe,
By mighty power and heauenly deitie,
I'le walke before you into Galile.

But hereupon, this answere I did make,
And freely spoke, what I in heart intended,
My Lord and Master will I not forsake,
Though all the world, with thee should be offended:
But Iesus said, *Before the cocke crow twice,*
This night, (for feare,) *thou wilt deny me thrice.*

Vpon these wordes, I did my speeches double,
And told my Lord, what euer came of me,
I would not shrinke, for any worldly trouble,
Respecting not, inforc't calamitie,
In all disgraces, *Peter* first will die
A lingring death, ere he his Lord denie.

Then went my Lord himselfe alone to pray
With heauy heart, and layd him on the earth,
Who said to vs, *VVatch you a while and stay,*
For my sad Soule is heauie to the death.
But while he sweat cold water mixt with blood,
We careless, slept, and did no other good.

Three times came Christ, and found vs fast asleepe,
While he attended *Iudas* spitefull howre,
To thinke thereon, it makes my heart to weepe,
Christ tasting then, a bitter bleeding showre:
Thus lay we careless, while his care increast,
We slept, and he in praying neuer ceast.

What drowſie drones were we? that had no pōwer,
On Gethſeman, to watch a little ſpace,
Ah, could not we, forbeare one ſleeping hower?
While Chriſt lay praying, with a watrie face:
Whoſe Agony that time, was found ſo great,
That he all ouer bath'd in bloody ſweat.

Then came our Sauiour vnto vs, and ſaid:
Sleepe now henceforth, and euer take your reſt,
The hower is at hand, the plot is laid,
That wretched ſinners muſt haue their requeſt:
Ariſe, ariſe, ſo drowſie doe not ſtand,
I ſhall be tooke, the traytour is at hand.

Our Sauiour had theſe wordes no ſooner ſpoken,
But *Iudas* came, with others very ſtrong,
The Traytour gaue a kiſſe, which was the token
Betraid my Lord: ſo tooke they him along:
O Sinne of ſinnes, what falſehood worſe then this?
To harbour Treaſon in a trothleſſe kiſſe.

My Sauiour thus abus'de, I baniſht feare,
At this lewd troope, I ſtraight drew out my ſword,
And ſmiting *Malcus*, I cut off his eare,
For which my Chriſt gaue me a checking word:
Then leading him away, on my reproofe,
With lingring ſteps I follow'd him aloofe.

Oh Coward, here thy hollow heart beginnes,
I follow'd in the darke, as all vnknowne,
Which doth encreaſe my great and grieuous ſinnes,
In Calender of ſhame, my name is ſhowne:
I that erewhile ſuch mightie brags did make,
With pale-fac't feare did now begin to ſhake.

Falſe hearted man, and full of wicked ill,
Into the court of *Caiphas* did I goe,
And warm'd me there, while cold my heart did kill:
Coldneſſe of faith, the roote of all my woe:
O wretch of all men, well deſeruing hate,
For buying fire, at ſuch a damned rate.

There came to me a Wench, and thus ſhe ſaid:
Thou ſure art one of this Mans company,
For by thy countnance is the ſame bewraid:
But what ſhe ſaid, I ſtiffely did denie:
O ſinfull ſoule for this thy lacke of grace,
Weepe, weepe, till teares make gutters in thy face.

With that the quicke rebuker of my vice,
The wakefull cocke did then begin to crow,
Yet ere he crew, I did denie him thrice,
And ſwore I knew him not, whom I did know:
O ſinne of ſinnes! O excrement of earth!
Forgiue me Chriſt, though my deſart be death.

Then

Then Christ on me did cast a glorious view,
Like to a Star that glanced in the skie,
Whereby behold, my foule offence I knew,
That my hearts thoughts were open to his eie:
And thereupon the Cocke againe did crow,
The heauie watch-word of my ouerthrow.

But when I saw his piercing eyes looke backe,
As I pronounst my periurie within,
O how my soule did feele a sudden wracke,
Thus strooke against the damned rocke of sinne:
Which made me straight to get me out of doore,
And on the thirstie earth my teares to powre.

And with a wofull bitter bleeding hart,
Thus I began to thunder out my crie:
Lord looke not on me, after my desart,
I haue deseru'd, eternall death to die:
Though I on earth haue here denyed thee,
Yet of thy Kingdome, Lord, deny not me.

Celestiall power, Creations sole beginner,
View here thy poore Apostles relenting,
Meekely forgiue, a true repentant sinner,
That with salt teares is euermore repenting:
But who? a wretch, vnworthy to be knowne,
A Saint? O no, not Gods, nor yet his owne.

All

All weeping eyes, reſigne to me your teares.
From weeping will I neuer ceaſe, but weepe,
For why? my ſinnes haue fil'd my ſoule with feares,
And flouds of ſorrowes breakes my ſoundeſt ſleepe:
The more diſtils the liquid Oliue tree,
The better will the fruite in ſeaſon be.

And that makes me, lament my life ſo ill,
With ſtreaming teares, ſo long as I haue breath,
Leaſt ſinne and hell my ſpotted ſoule ſhould ſpill,
Which dayly threatens my eternall death:
Though death eternall be my due deſart,
Yet Lord forgiue my ſad repenting heart.

Accuſing Sathan, fils my ſoule with feares,
Demaunding, how I dare for mercie call?
A reeking voyce, from hell rings in my eares,
That I of force, muſt to perdition fall:
Whoſe foggy ſtem doth ſeeke my ſoule to blind,
That the true way to Chriſt I might not find.

Damn'd wretch (ſay they) how canſt thou hope for
Chriſts ſacred word is precious and moſt pure, (grace?
Aſham'd thou waſt to know thy Maſters face,
Therefore aſham'd of thee, he will be ſure:
For feare of death, thy life for to prolong,
Thou flew'ſt thy ſoule, by raſhneſſe of thy tongue.

Chriſt

Christ in a parable plaine, bewrayes this case,
He damn'd the slothfull seruant found asleepe:
And he that to the wedding forced was:
The foolish Virgins, wanting care to keepe
Their lampes with oyle, when they with him should
Were for this trespasse throw'n to lasting woe. (go.

See how seuerely Christ, doth sinners vse,
He spar'd not *Saul*, although his true annoynted,
But cast him off, and did him quite refuse
For sparing *Agag*, otherwise appoynted:
If Christ spar'd not chiefe branches of his tree,
Then sinfull soule, what shall become of thee?

Then bootles spend not thou thy loathed breath,
In vaine thou dost for grace and mercie crie,
Thou hast with *Iudas* won a traytors death,
He sold his Lord, and thou dost him denie:
O wretched soule, nay most accursed deuill,
For none but fiends would doe so bad an euill.

Thou maske of shame: badge of a guiltie mind:
Thou mappe of sinne: thou common foe of fame:
Out-cast on earth: thou whelpe of Tygres kind:
God from his booke, hath blotted out thy name:
At thy complaint, the Lord doth stop his eares,
He nought respects thy grones or bitter teares.

Curſe wretched man, the time that thou waſt borne,
On thy birth day, ſoule ſinne imbraſte thee faſt;
To vanquiſh thee, and make thee thus forlorne:
Thereby from grace to haue thee quite out caſt.
What then, a ſaint, no no, a beaſt, nay worſe,
Abiuring Chriſt, thou haſt a laſting curſe.

Falſe fainting heart which feare did ouerthrow,
To ſaue thy life, thou didſt thy promiſe breake:
How canſt thou thinke, that Chriſt will mercie ſhew,
When as thy faith was found to him ſo weake?
To adde ſmall time, vnto a fleeting life,
Thy ſoule is fild with ſorrow, woe and ſtrife.

O purchaſe baſe, to length thy life by ſinne,
Infamous wretch, deſeruing death for meede,
Wouldſt thou permit a womans words to winne
Thy loue from Chriſt, euen in his greateſt neede,
What fauour canſt thou finde that Chriſt deluded
Angels for ſinne, from Heauen were excluded.

Wherefore was ſuch a caytife namde a Saint,
Whoſe ſpeeches vowed ſpit and bitter gall,
That in Chriſts quarrell cowardly did faint:
Could an Apoſtle catch ſo fowle a fall?
Blacke fiends of hell hereat doe laugh and ſmile,
That they did *Peter* in ſuch ſorte beguile.

Diſpaire and dye, rip thy foule intrals out,
To ſearch thy conſcience make no long delay,
T'is foule and guiltie therefore out of doubt:
T'will witnes be againſt thee at that day.
Both clarke and Iudge, and iurie will it bee,
For to condemne, but not to ſet thee free.

Thus ſinne and Sathan did my ſoule accuſe,
Setting the filth of ſinne before my eyes,
My heart with terror did he ſore abuſe:
Who ſaide that Chriſt my praiers would deſpiſe:
But yet defying him, though fleſh were fraile,
Through grace I gan my faults thus to bewaile.

Moſt mightie Lord, ſicke is my ſoule within,
To thinke that I againſt my God offended:
Sweete Chriſt forgiue the greatnes of my ſin,
Saue me Lord Ieſu, elſe I am condemned.
Rent hart, weep eyes, & pleade thou wicked tongue,
Pleade thou for mercy, that did Chriſt ſuch wrong.

O holy ſpirit that ſeeſt my reſtles teares,
Reade ioyfull leſſons to my panting hart:
For Sathan ſpeakes of nought, but rufull feares,
And griefe conceales my ſoules inceſſant ſmart.
My guiltie eyes, that ſtill purſues my ſin,
Each moment doth my griefe afreſh begin.

Looke on the thoughts of a perplexed mind,
Their irkſome dayes, that leades a loathſome life,
There is no ioy, or comfort I can find,
Such vaine illuſions keeps me ſtill in ſtrife:
O brittle life! that vadeth like a flower,
Vnſtable mind! oft changed in an hower.

This world allur'd me with deceiuing howers,
Liuing I find a Lab'rinth voyd of meaſure,
A groue of griefe, a field of blaſted flowers,
A ſtony ground, where growes no ſparke of pleaſure:
A witching phrenzie, pleaſant to the eares,
A dreadfull den, a ſurging riuer of teares.

O ſplendent Chriſt! which ſuffred for my ſin,
Celeſtiall Subſtance! let me taſt thy ſweet,
That my poore ſoule may be refreſht within,
Which this falſe world doth clog with cares vnmeet,
The holy Ghoſt to my poore ſpirit applie,
That on thy mercy I may ſtill relie.

Behold my eyes, with dayly weeping teares
Are blear'd and parcht, for my offences done,
Thy grace I craue, my heart thy Iuſtice feares,
With trembling ioynts, my ſoules diſtreſſe begonne:
Sinne cauſeth griefe, for ſorrow is their ſhare,
That in the ſhop of ſhame trades periur'd ware.

Sinnes farme I rented, with hard intreſt bought,
The rent my ſoule, yet all my gayne was griefe,
Deere was that purchaſe, which my downfal wrought
In *Caiphas* court, I loſt my ſoules reliefe:
O wretched men! that buyes the curſe of hell,
With wrecke of ſoules, the wares that diuels ſell.

Lord let thy mercy be the onely key,
To ope the doore of my afflicted hart,
Where my accounts in ſecret hidden lye,
Griping my conſcience with extremeſt ſmart:
And thereby let thy holy ſpirit in,
Which is of force to diſpoſſeſſe my ſin.

Lord ſeeke the ſheepe, that long hath gone aſtray:
The prodigall to thee his mone hath made,
I haue procur'd and wrought my owne decay,
And of damnation am I ſore afraid:
If thou wilt helpe, O ſweet Chriſt! helpe me now,
And make not *Peter* breake, although he bow.

O write my teares within the booke of life!
The regiſter of thine elected fold,
Where mercie and compaſsion ſhineth rife,
There Lord, let *Peters* name be ſure inrold:
Protect me Lord, and free me from all teares,
Whoſe ſoule is drencht within a ſhowre of teares.

With mildenes measure, my submissiue minde,
Meekely forgiue, I craue with contrite hart
Let thy poore seruant, thy free mercie finde,
With sighs I beg, release of earned smart.
Bent knees, thicke sobs, wet eyes, sad hart begin,
Pleade clients pleade, Gods mercie sweete to win.

Sinfull Disciple, fall flat on thy face,
And warme the thirstie earth with flowing teares:
Yea, rise not vp, till thou hast purchaste grace
Ring rufull sobs, repentant in his eares.
A true and contrite heauie soule for sin,
The Lord regardes, and most doth ioy therein.

Redeeme me then with ransome of thy loue,
Release my bondage from sinnes captiue gaile:
Let *Peters* true repentance pittie moue,
And let thy mercie be my soules sure baile.
Tender my suite, cancell offences great,
With teare I craue, with hope I doe intreat.

O that I had not borne so base a minde,
As to deny my Christ, that did me make:
But that I had, with constant *Steuen* been kinde
To haue been stoned for my masters sake.
Then had I neuer knowne this hellish smart,
That wounds my conscience, and doth kil my hart,

What did produce me to this curſed crime?
How came I ſo ſecurelie rockt aſleepe:
The monſter ſinne, my wings of faith did lime,
I could not flie that helliſh danger deepe.
Blaſphemous hart, benumd with deadly colde,
Thou didſt my tongue, to periuries vnfolde.

Ah woe is me, I am that curſed *Caine*,
That murdered *Abel*, I may iuſtlie ſay,
His precious blood doth iſſue out amaine,
And t'was my ſinnes, that did my Sauiour ſlay:
Had I ſo many eyes, as Starres in skie,
For this offence, well might I weepe them drie.

I doe bewaile my foule committed ſin
Gainſt Chriſt, redeemer of my ſoule from hell,
Sweete Sauiour, let my ſoule thy mercie win,
That I among the damned may not dwell:
For I confeſſe without thy mercies ſtore,
I ſhall be damnd in hell for euermore.

Ah feruile feare, that maskes a drooping minde,
Subiect to ſinne, baſe captiue vnto thrall:
Couldſt thou permit a ſillie woman kinde,
To be contriuer of thy ſhamefull fall.
Were now the Cocke to crow, as thrice he crue,
No woman (though I dyde) ſhould me ſubdue.

O haſtie raſhnes, where true faith was fled,
Vnſauorie tree, where fruits of ſin do grow
For want of faith, let floods of teares be ſhed,
Baptize anew, thy ſoule in ſtreames of woe:
Too long they liue, that liue till they be nought,
How cheape ſold I, what Chriſt ſo deerly bought.

Come idle eyes, t'is long time ſince ye wept,
Straine out my ſorrows, fruits of my vntruth,
That ſpringing ſtreams of teares may ſtill be kept,
To blaze with plaints the Ecchoes of my ruth:
Vnkind in kindnes, where faint feare tooke place,
To ſpit thy poyſon in thy makers face.

O wretched *Peter*, far worſe then the Iewes,
That hiſt at Chriſt, like poyſoned ſtinging ſnakes,
Whoſe ſcornfull mocks, his patience did abuſe,
Who notwithſtanding dyed for their ſakes:
My oaths were darts, my cruell tongue the ſting,
My God the marke, and him I did maligne.

With ſin, O Lord, my ſoule is ſore attainted,
My mind, my thoughts, my hart is clog'd with griefe,
Heart throbbing feare, and treaſon hath me haunted,
All theſe are ruines of my ſoules reliefe:
Inconſtancy, foule fraud, and falſe ſelfe will,
Theſe gaue attendance, my poore ſoule to kill.

Diſpaire not *Peter*, doo not thy God forget,
To call for mercy doo thy beſt indeuour,
Neuer did he refuſe a ſinner yet:
Nor crau'd his death, but wiſht him life for euer.
All burdned ſoules come vnto me ſaith he,
And of your griefe you ſhall releaſed be.

Therefore I thinke my ſelfe thrice happie bleſt,
For that I hope I ſhall beholde his bliſſe,
Although this fleſh be fraile, full of vnreſt,
Againſt the ſpirit, working much amiſſe:
Yet Chriſt his mercie floweth like a ſpring,
While his woundes bleede, receiued for my ſinne.

I did offend thee Lord with periurde ſpeech,
Which wicked deed I doe from heart repent:
Therefore ſweete Lord I humbly doe beſeech,
To ſaue his ſoule that doth for ſinne lament:
For I beleeue, and for a truth I know,
My ſcarlet ſinnes thou canſt conuert to ſnow.

Lord cleanſe me then, thy bleſsing on me ſpread,
With many foes my ſoule is hard beſet:
Be thou my ſtrength and helmet for my head;
And with thy treaſure pay my ſeruile debt,
As teares of vines foule leproſie doth cure,
So vlcer ſinnes, is by thy blood made pure.

Why then my ſoule, wherefore art thou ſo ſad,
And why art thou diſquieted within?
Plucke vp thy ſelfe, be ioyfull and moſt glad,
Chriſt by his paſsion waſht away my ſinne:
Though of all men the worſt to be eſteemed,
Yet by my Sauiour is my ſoule redeemed.

Then *Peter* breake from that vilde tirant ſtrong,
Shake off his chaines, and burſt his helliſh bands:
Sinne hath thee kept in ſeruitude too long,
And run to Ieſus where he meekely ſtands,
Spread on the Croſſe wide open with his armes,
Thee to imbrace, & keepe thee from all harmes.

Lo thus with faith and hope ſtill did I pray:
Chriſt heard my ſuite, and all my ſinnes forgaue,
Poore ſinners ſuites no time he doth delay;
He came from Heauen, repenting ſoules to ſaue.
None can on earth a greater ſinner be,
Then I was found, and yet he ſaued me.

The wicked Iewes that halde him to the Croſſe
With many taunting tearmes, and hateſull ſcornes,
He greatly grieude their ſoules eternall loſſe,
While they did crowne his holy head with thornes.
They whipt his body, bor'd his hands and feete,
Yea pearſt his ſide, and did reioyce to ſee't.

But this *Beathlemite*, deare ſonne of God,
Which by his wiſedome could haue ſtaide this ſtrife,
Yet rather choſe, to feele Gods heauie rod,
Then we ſhould loſe the ioyes of bleſſed life:
For rather then we ſhould hels torment trie,
He ſpared not to yeelde himſelfe to die.

Yet curſed Scribes did take no pittie when
The bloody ſtreames from his goard ſides did ſinke,
The Souldiers Speare was the regiſtring pen,
His precious blood was made the ſtaining inke,
Whereby he did Heauens bliſſe to vs reueale,
And *Conſummatum eſt* was his true ſeale.

Why ſhould I ceaſe, poſterities to tell,
That Chriſt alone did worke our exaltation,
He raiſde vs vp, that by tranſgreſsion fell,
And ſuffered death with great humiliation,
To plucke vs from the plunging pit of ſin,
Or elſe we had in darkenes euer bin.

Stricken he was, and thereby were we healed,
And by his death, he brought vs laſting life,
In his faire hands our foule offence was ſealed,
That ſo we might be freede from Sathans ſtrife.
Our hatefull ſinnes, theſe bitter torments vrged,
But by his blood, our ſinnes had ne'r been purged.

Take heede, deteſt, abhorre, flie ſinne amaine,
Which brought our Lord to his moſt doleſull death:
And ſith his wounds are now made whole againe,
Doe not renew them by ſin-poyſning breath:
O doe not mocke and offer him a reede;
Rub not his woundes afreſh to make them bleede.

Now he is crowned with eternall glorie,
And high inſtalled in a heauenly Throne,
Plucke him not downe, but for thy ſinne be ſorie,
Leaſt like the Iewes thou ſealeſt him in ſtone:
He doth more grieue at one poore ſinners loſſe,
Then all the panges he ſuffered on the croſſe.

The pricking Thornes that gorde his holy head,
Was ſure our ſinnes; the nailes our ſinnes alſo,
That pierſt his hands and feete, till he was dead;
Our ſinnes the ſpeare, that made the blood to flow.
Our ſins were thoſe, ỳ whipt him with ſuch ſtrife,
Our ſins the Croſſe, that tooke away his life.

If *Mary* mourned for our ſweete Meſsias,
For *Beniamin*, it *Rachel* did lament,
If *Iſrael* wept for their good King *Ioſias*,
If flintie ſtones at Chriſts death did rent:
Then may we rent our hearts, and weepe as much,
That for our ſinnes Chriſts torment ſhould be ſuch.

O be thou earneſt to ſubdue thy ſinne,
And ſtriue with God till he haue bleſſed thee,
As *Iacob* did; ſo he his wiſh did winne:
Of *Iacobs* race if thou wilt counted bee,
In faithfull ſort he did Gods fauour ſeeke,
Wreſtling by praier, and ſubmiſsion meeke:

The Oſtridge wilde, with ſwift wings cannot flie,
But lifts his body vp when he doth run,
Pricking himſelfe with ſpurres, faſter to hie,
And ſo his preſent danger doth he ſhun:
So pricke your hearts, and run from ſinne amaine,
The deadly danger of eternall paine.

Looke ſinfull ſoule, and looking view thy fill,
Marke in mans bodie how the Artiers runne,
Beating the veines, and neuer ſtand they ſtill,
Leaſt that the blood ſhould grow corrupt and num:
So beate thy hart, with praying neuer ceaſe,
Leaſt corrupt ſinne doth more and more increaſe.

And pray that thou maiſt ſee his glorious face,
Who is the ioy of Angels and of Saints;
He giues reward to them that aſketh grace,
They ſhall obtaine the bliſſe that neuer faints:
Who euer ſhall be ſafe from all anoy,
Crownde with true honor and eternall ioy.

Blest is that soule, which hath truely warded,
Where Saints are Clarkes, and Iesus is the Iudge,
Angels the Iurie, Innocence the Verdit,
Where is no fees, nor cause of any grudge: (while,
Who would not shedde whole floods of teares a-
Which afterward might haue such cause to smile?

Esteeme the worth of true heart-grieued teares,
Obtayning mercy, at Gods sacred seat;
And pleading pardon in his gracious eares,
Repentance true, doth hide offences great:
Teares tye the tongue of an accusers grudge,
Softning the rigour of seuerest Iudge.

Teares like true Aduocates won my Lords loue,
By teares, first did I fly from sinne to grace,
By teares, I did my Christ to mercy moue,
By teares being washt, Christ did my soule imbrace:
By teares, great plagues the *Niniuites* did preuent,
At *Ionas* preaching when they did lament.

These weeping teares did quench Gods kindled ire,
Appeasde his furie, winning heauens blisse,
Procur'd Gods grace, purchast my soules desire,
Whereas the spring of life eternall is:
Then Christ by grace I found my harts direction,
Who then instal'd my soule with true perfection.

Perfection pure, where ſpringes of mercie riſe,
Whereas the crowne of life is free from feare,
Where the cheer's ioy, a Kingdome is the prize,
Saints faithfull ſubiects, Angels are the queare:
Where Gods temple the Lambe of glorious light
Is guarded in his Throne with Angels bright.

Bright is his Glorie, as the pureſt Sunne,
Where company of Saints thou ſhalt enioy,
Receipt of a Diadem thy ſoule hath wonne,
Where lifes fee ſimple ſuffers no annoy:
Ioyfull Receipt, where ſoules are not diſtreſſed,
But liue in pleaſure, and are euer bleſſed.

Bleſſed? ô thrice ten times bleſſed are they,
Attaining ioy of heauen with mournfull teares,
Wher's life without impeachment or decay,
Where ſoules are ſetled free from former feares,:
O happie ſoule! thrice happie there to dwell,
Where ioy paſſeth conceit, for tongue to tell.

Sweete Ieſus take my ſoule into that place,
Which I ſo long time longed for to ſee,
Where I may view my Lords illuſtrate face,
And laud the greatneſſe of thy Maieſtie:
O ioy of ioyes! O pure celeſtiall ſight!
Where mercy ſhines with ſweet aboundant light.

O ſinfull man, thinke on this bleſſed fruite,
Which true repentance to thy ſoule doth bring:
Ceaſe not to pray, till God doth graunt thy ſuite,
Peccaui crie, with *Dauid* royall King.
Harts true contrition, is ſoules bliſſe beginner,
Heauen ioyes to ſee a true conuerted ſinner.

While ſorrow ſits with mone and caſts her count,
While woe and miſerie brings their muſes thither,
To nurſe thy griefes in numbers that amount,
Vſe ſighes in lieu of teares and ſobs togither:
By ſighes and grones rue thy diſtreſſes deepe,
When dried eyes denies thee teares to weepe.

The Lord will ſure accept thy inward cries,
When faith with loue, on ſpotleſſe Chriſt is plaſte,
Thy hart may weepe, though dried be thy eies:
For *Adams* ſighes and grones the Lord imbraſte,
For when ſhe vſde, nor words, nor weeping teares,
God ſaid, why cri'ſt thou thus within my eares.

Our wretched mindes beſiegde with fruitles toyes,
Inchainde in ſinne, and trained vnto thrall,
In errors lap lies luld with brittle ioyes,
Till griefe doth ring the ruine of our fall: (ſores,
Which wounds our ſoules with inward bleeding
That ſtept in danger of deaths fatall dores.

From

From woe, ſinne, and ſorrow ſhall we ne'r be free,
Till death to our acquittance ſets his hand,
Nor receiue the charter of eternitie,
Till our ſoules preſent at the ſealing ſtand:
But when death comes to put his pen to write,
None knowes the day, the time, the houre, or night.

Conſider well, all mortall fleſh is graſſe,
The beautie thereof fadeth like a floure:
All things are vaine we ſeeke to bring to paſſe,
Suretie of life, no creature hath one houre.
Then place thy ſoule, to pleaſe the Lord of light,
So ſhalt thou liue for euer in his ſight.

This life is like the ſeaſons of the yeare,
A harueſt that abides the reapers will:
Some in the ſeede, the blade, ſome in the eare,
Is blaſted, cropt, cut, mowne and reaped ſtill.
A ſhade, a breath, a blaſt, a ſpan, a flower,
A mornings deaw that's dried in an hower.

Firſt marke the ſorrowes of this wretched life,
And how thy ſoule ſtill clogged is with ſinne;
How worldly cares doe keepe thee ſtill in ſtrife,
The many perils thou art wrapped in.
Then ſhalt thou ſee this life to vs hath lent,
But harts vexation, griefe and diſcontent.

Our greateſt pleaſures end in paines diſtreſſe,
The Elements offend vs with their heate,
The earth with vapours colde doth vs oppreſſe,
Our health is mixt with ſicknes, dangers great:
To be alone, alacke it grieues vs ſore,
And companie diſturbeth vs much more.

Admit the Lord hath lent thee earthly treaſure,
And thou enioyeſt the labour of thy hands,
Thy wife and children is to thee a pleaſure;
Thou raiſeſt ſumptuous buildings on thy lands.
What is all this, wert thou a Prince of power,
Hauing no charter of thy life one houre?

This life (alaſſe) is but a winke of Time,
And on eternitie our ioyes depend:
Our mortall bodies are but earth and ſlime,
Ordainde of God, his glorie to attend,
Like to a bubble, weake as brittle glaſſe,
Or like a ſhadow that full ſoone doth paſſe.

Why ſhould we ſleepe or ſlug one night in ſin,
Seeing that night might chance to be our laſt,
What grieuous danger ſhould our ſoules be in,
If vnpreparde ſo ſinfull hence we paſt:
Then euery minute waile thy ſinne with ſorrow,
Men here to day, are laide in earth to morrow.

But thou wilt ſay, the world bids me delay,
And tels me that I neede not feare my life,
I ſhall liue long, and in great pleaſure ſtay:
And haue much time t'auoide all future ſtrife.
Ah thinke not ſo, the flattering world doth lie,
While yet thou ſpeakeſt, thou maiſt on ſuddaine die.

Amend thy life therefore without all let,
Leaſt when the time approacheth thou ſhould'ſt dye;
Thou doſt thy ſoules chiefe comfort quite forget,
When thouſand cares will leade thy thoughts awrie.
Repent, repent, death hath thy life in gage,
Repent in youth, ſtay not till crooked age.

O thinke what wofull ſtate thy ſoule is in,
When death drawes neere with terrible aſſaults:
That houre maiſt thou be vexed ſo with ſin,
So much tormented with thy filthie faults,
And with thy bodies paine ſo vexed bee,
That true repentance will be farre from thee.

What time thy wofull minde will chiefly run,
Which way thou maiſt haue eaſe of bodies ſmart;
And how thou maiſt thoſe bitter gripings ſhun,
That with ſuch ſorrow burdens thy poore hart.
How ill aduiſde waſt thou in fainting breath,
To poſt repentance to the houre of death.

What horror then will thy poore hart indure,
When feare of death doth so afflict thy minde,
When phisickes helpe cannot thy conscience cure;
Nor for thy soule a remedie can finde,
When thou shalt see the diuell accusing stand,
And gaping hell vpon the other hand.

But in respect this griefe is nought at all,
Touching thy soule, and whither it shall goe,
After she leaues this fading life mortall:
She at Gods iudgement seate her selfe must shew,
Sentence to haue, and glory to obtaine,
Or else sad sorrow and eternall paine.

O thinke what torments sinners haue in hell,
That's mad with paine, and there doth rore and crie;
In extreame torment which no tongue can tell,
Alwaies a dying but can neuer die:
O hart! ô minde! ô eyes beholde and see,
Obserue and marke what endlesse torments bee.

Iudas too late doth there himselfe excuse,
Too late for *Achan*, to restore his golde,
Gehezi doth his gifts too late refuse,
And *Diues* all too late his faultes vnfolde.
Lord though with these we haue deserued paine,
Yet to thy kingdome let our soules retaine.

The ſeas ſaltnes is taſted by one drop,
Falſe oathes deſcribes a guiltie heart within,
The world wins our fleſh to a ſeruile lot:
Feare doth ſeduce vs vnto deadly ſin.
Moſt mightie Lord, therefore to thee we pray,
That thy true ſpirit may our conſcience ſtay.

Sweete Ieſu Chriſt, reſplendent in thy ſeate,
Which purchaſt by thy death, mans perfect ioy,
For my miſdeedes, thy pardon I intreate;
With wings of mercie ſhroude vs from anoy:
Thy death ſlew death, thy pains was our protectiõ,
Thou triumphſt ouer all by glorious reſurrection.

It was foretolde, and truely ſpoke of thee,
By holy Prophets many yeares agoe,
Gods glorious ſonne ſhould no corruprion ſee,
Layde dead in graue, from graue aliue ſhould goe.
The ſealed ſtone, the carefull watchmens eye,
Could not keepe downe thy mightie maieſtie.

But when I had my Sauiours preſence loſt,
Inforſte I was vnto my former trade,
On ſurging waues my fiſhing boate was toſt,
Yet of great labour little gaine I made:
All day I toyld, but all in vaine I wraught,
And all the tedious night, nothing I caught.

But when the cheerefull mornings light appeard,
Vpon the ſandy ſhore my Sauiour ſtood,
Whoſe heauenly voice, our heauie harts ſo cheard:
Calling to vs, vpon the ſurging flood.
My friends (quoth he) what? haue you any meate?
We anſwered no; nor yet one bit to eate.

Then ſaid the Lord, that made both ſea and land,
Vpon the right ſide of your ſliding ſhip,
Caſt forth your tangling nets with nimble hand,
And you ſhall finde, what earſt from you did ſlip.
We did the ſame, whereby ſuch ſtore we got,
As neuer like did fall vnto our lot.

So full of skipping fiſh the net was found,
That we by all our force, our ſtrength and power,
Not able were to draw it from the ground,
Such was the ſtore we got that inſtant houre:
At that one draught, my ſelfe did tell and ſee,
An hundred mightie fiſhes fiftie three.

I knew not Lord thy ſacred maieſtie,
For ſinne and ſhame, had dulled *Peter* quite,
Till *Iohn* to me, thy glorie did deſcrie:
I quite forgot my Chriſt, the Lord of might:
Yet ſee my Sauiour in my greateſt neede,
Forſooke me not for all my hainous deede.

This

This did reuiue my heauie mournfull minde,
A treble comfort did my ioy restore:
Iohn, childe of grace, did soone our Sauiour finde,
Who said, t'is Iesus standeth on the shore:
It is the Lord, vndoubted it is he,
As by this worke we may sufficient see.

I hearing that, in hast did leaue my net,
And to my Sauiour swom, whereas he stood,
Through many mounting billowes did I get,
For he preseru'd me in the raging flood:
The peacefull shore, when so I had attaind,
There saw I fire, and fish, and bread ordaind.

A heauenly dinner on the earth below,
New raised Christ, for vs had there preparde,
He saw our want, and did our hunger know,
Poore men distrest, the Lord doth still regarde:
Christ therefore calde, and bad vs come to dinner,
The righteous Lord eates with a wretched sinner.

With his most holy hand he brake vs bread,
And gaue vs fish, our hunger to asswage:
A gracious countnance, on vs did hee spread,
Whose conquest did, both death and hell enrage.
And this was now, the third time truely knowne,
To his Disciples, Christ himselfe had shownc.

Then

Then after dinner, Christ tooke me aside,
And thrice he askt me if I loued him:
Thrice I confest, and three times I replyde,
Thou knowest my God, my loue to thee is firme:
And meete it was, that thrice I should replie,
I loued him, whom thrice I did denie.

Full fortie daies did Christ on earth remaine,
After his glorious rising from the dead;
Shewing himselfe to his Disciples plaine,
In most familiar manner, breaking bread:
When all was done, his Godhead had intended,
Most suddainely the bright heauens he ascended.

In faire *Bethania* did he leaue vs all,
While blessing vs with his aboundant grace,
He was tane vp with power maiesticall;
A glorious cloude, his body did imbrace:
We gazing after, did his power adore,
Whom Heauen inclosde, and we beheld no more.

On right hand of the fathers brightest cleare,
In glory great he sitteth euery hower,
Till in the cloudes he shall againe appeare:
To iudge the world by his eternall power.
Lord send our soules, to that most blessed place,
To see the splendor of *Iehouahs* face.

Our

Our mightie God, as *Daniel* plaine doth ſhew,
In throne doth ſit, the Sheepe from Goats to cull;
His raiment all more white then winters ſnow,
His ſiluer hayre like to the pureſt wooll,
His ſeate bright ſhining like a fierie flame,
And thouſand thouſands, for to ſerue him came.

God make vs ſeruants to ſo great a Lord,
To know his mercie and admired loue:
Whoſe praiſe all Angels ſing with one accord,
By whom all earthly creatures liue and moue.
With him is life that neuer ſhall decay,
Soules perfect ioy doth in his preſence ſtay.

The wounded heart, by hatefull ſinne miſled,
His grace doth cure, and makes for euer ſound,
The bitter teares that contrite ſinners ſhed,
Within his citie is preſeru'd and found:
Sinne, death, nor hell, cannot that ſoule deſtroy,
Whom this moſt mighty Lord preſerues for ioy.

For he will lay it in a bed of peace,
And lap it round, with ioy on euery ſide,
Where is no ſorrow, mourning ſhall ſurceaſe;
No cauſe of griefe ſhall in that place abide.
It is a kingdome fraught with all delight,
Such as no heart can thinke, no pen can write.

No tribulation of this mortall life,
No ſmart, no ſorrow that can happen here,
No torment, torture, no heart-killing ſtrife,
Is worthie of the ioy prepared there:
Then come all griefes, that euer eye did ſee,
From loue of Chriſt, they ſhall not ſep'rate mee.

If I doe ſuffer for Chriſt Ieſus name,
His deareſt Saints haue been as ſore afflicted;
Some ſawne aſunder, ſome on ſuddaine ſlaine,
Impriſoned, ſtoned, and extreamely whipped:
But yet moſt bleſt were they, though pained ſo,
Heauen is their meede, where is no taſte of woe.

And thither is our Sauiour gone before,
For vs a glorious kingdome to prepare,
Where we ſhall liue, and raigne for euermore,
In heauenly pleaſure paſsing all compare:
Then feare no foes, to them it is damnation,
But vnto vs a ſigne of ſure ſaluation.

For why, this is a doctrine firme and ſure,
Worthie of all men to be ſtill imbraced,
Chriſt came on earth, the ſinfull ſoule to cure,
To ſaue all ſuch, whom Sathan hath diſgraced:
And when we end this life ſo tranſitorie,
We ſhall be crownde with euerlaſting glorie.

Then *Peter* ceaſe thy ouer-mournfull dittie,
In higheſt heauens remaines thy greateſt treaſure,
And with Saint *Iohn*, deſcribe that holy Cittie,
Which is the pallace of eternall pleaſure:
Where Angels dwell, and Saints all clothed be,
In pureſt white, with palmes of victorie.

All pau'd with golde are thoſe Celeſtiall ſtreets,
With precious ſtones, and Diamonds enterlaced,
Twelue gates of pearles, call'd Margarets,
The wals foundation, preciouſlie is placed
With *Chalcedon*, *Em'rald*, *Birle*, *Topaz*, *Iaſper*,
Chriſolet, *Sardonex*, *Amtheſt* and *Sapher*.

Chriſt in this heauenly Citie is the light,
In midſt whereof, his glorie doth appeare,
There needs no ſunne, for there is neuer night,
And from his ſeate, deſcends a riuer cleare, (rife,
Whoſe precious ſprings with chriſtall ſtreames are
The bankes all ſet with trees of laſting life.

Into this Citie enters none at all,
But ſuch as are within the booke of life;
No diſcord, no aduerſitie doth fall,
No ſinne, no ſhame, no ſorrow, paine, or ſtrife,
Among thoſe ſoules which there ſo bleſſed be,
Nor ought that taſteth of mortalitie.

But there is ioy and mirth without all ſadnes,
Reſt without labour, gaine without all loſſe,
Health without pain, abundance ioynde with gladnes,
Life without death, and cleanneſſe without droſſe:
All ioy vnſpeakable, in Gods moſt glorious ſight,
Where Saints and Angels ſing both day and night.

O ioy of ioyes, ioy without all meaſure,
Where Saints doe bathe in euerlaſting bliſſe,
And ſwim in ſtreames of euer during pleaſure,
Where all the hoaſt of noble Martyrs is,
Where *Abraham*, *Iſaacke*, and all Patriarkes be,
Singing ſweete *Alleuia's* of eternitie.

Mirth to the heart, and muſicke to the eares,
Is the fruition of Gods ſacred ſight,
Health to the ſoule, and ioy for bitter teares;
And to the grieued conſcience ſweet delight:
The crowne of ſaints, the diademe of grace,
Whoſe powrefull deitie rules in euery place.

O when ſhall I beholde this heauenly ſight?
When ſhall I heare my bleſſed Sauiours voyce?
When ſhall I enter in this glorious light?
When ſhall my ſoule on *Syon* hill reioyce?
Moſt mightie Lord, protector of my will,
Let me ſing Himnes vpon thy holy hill.

Let

Let all ſicke ſoules, laden with extreme ſinne,
Come vnto Chriſt, in faith and trembling feare,
Feare ioynde with loue, though they haue dazeled bin,
Chriſt on the Croſſe did all offences beare:
And then will he by his imperiall might,
Blot their tranſgreſsions cleane out of his ſight.

Stand ſtedfaſt man, and ſtriue thou to attaine
That high immortall Crowne of puritie:
Till death approach, ſtill faithfull doe remaine,
So ſhalt thou finde Heauens true felicitie.
Moſt glorious God (oh) heare my mournefull cryes,
With wings of mercie wipe my watrie eyes.

And ſo let all relenting ſinners ſay,
With faith and hope in this vnſtable ſtate,
With truſt in God, driue damnd diſpayre away,
And ſo come boldlie to Gods mercie gate:
In chriſtian armour, wreſtle, ſtriue, and venter,
Vntill thy ſoule the bliſſefull citie enter.

Wher's full fruition of thy ſoules ſaluation,
Where holy Angels ſtill doe ſing and laude,
Where Saints ſhall triumph at thy bleſt crownation,
And all the heauenly court thy ioyes applaude:
Warrant this Lord, free vs from Sathans den,
Forget, forgiue, ſweet Ieſus ſay Amen.

FINIS.